Hounding Signs

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Hounding Signs

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Pilot wakes up from a recent revival, so it's handler has to reteach it the ropes

Notes

Yo I do NOT know how to tag this shit I am completely out of my element so don't bash me or kill me please I'm begging

Anyways this is based off of the ttrpg game "Girl Frame" cause I really liked everything they got going on, I tagged it original work cause I literally don't know what else to put so correct me if I'm wrong or have a different tag for ti I'm sorry

ANYWAYS this is based off of the in game character profiles known as Casualty and Dogrunner, I fuck heavy with this mechsploitation shit so I'll be writing a lot more of the different character classes interacting I think

Anyways enjoy it's prob omega chopped BUT feedback is always welcome and like if you play girl frame you should totally hit me up since I’m new to ts

See the end of the work for more notes

You're standing, which is a minor miracle in itself.

The med-bay's automated voice is still echoing in your new, slightly sensitive auditory implants. "Pilot □□□□□□□, designated 'Ace,' cleared for active duty. Report to Handler immediately."

Active duty. The words mean something, but they feel like glass marbles rolling around in your skull, too smooth to grasp. Your last memory is... white noise. And screaming. A sound like a star tearing in half, which you vaguely recall might have been your own frame coming apart at the rivets. And you, inside it. Pulped.

But the Foundation is frugal. They never throw away a useful part, and you, apparently, were still comprised of several. The thin medical gown they gave you flaps uselessly around your thighs, a pathetic scrap of paper modesty.

Each step is a conscious effort. Lift. Move. Plant. Your left leg feels heavier than your right, the joint in the knee clicking with a dry, mechanical sound. The right, which is mostly scarred flesh, stitched tight over donor muscle tissue.

One of your hands feels unfamiliar as you raise it. The knuckles are ridged with pale, puckered scars, the wrist joint visibly mechanical under a thin sheath of translucent skin. The other, pristine, vat-grown, and pale.

Your destination is the last door on the right. The one with the chipped paint and the burn mark near the foot.

Handler.

The name surfaces like a fish in murky water. It's a concept that feels... important. It's the anchor point in your fragmented mess of a mind. She is the one you report to. She is the one you... obey.

You raise your hand. The knuckles rap against the metal door. It's supposed to be three sharp knocks. That's the protocol. But the sound is muffled and weak, the new nerves not quite obeying the command.

"What the fuck do you want? I'm busy!" The voice from inside is a low-pitched snarl, vibrating through the door and making your teeth hurt.

You don't know the verbal countersign. Your throat feels full of dust.

You just stand there, wavering, unsure of how to plant your feet right, the integration point in your hip aching.

The door is suddenly, violently, ripped open.

She stands there, blocking the light from her office. Taller than you remember, or maybe you're shorter. Her black hair is lazy and messy, hardly any effort put into making it presentable. Her Foundation uniform is rumpled, stained with something dark at the cuff. Her eyes, sharp and dark, narrow into slits of pure annoyance, cigarette glowing at her lips

"Are you deaf, you stupid—"

She stops. Her gaze rakes over you, from your unevenly cropped hair down to your mismatched feet. The snarl on her face freezes, then cracks open into a wide, jagged, unbelieving grin.

"Well, shit. They actually did it!" Her laugh is a harsh, barking cough, like gravel shaking in a tin can. "They scraped you off the pavement and glued you back together! I figured you were paste, dog!"

She drops the cigarette, grinding it into the floor under a heavy combat boot, before grabbing you by the front of your medical garb, yanking you into the cluttered office. You stumble, your legs flailing a bit as you catch your balance. She kicks the door shut behind you, the slam echoing in your sensitive ears.

"The others they sent me? Garbage," she snarls, jabbing a thumb toward the wall as if indicating the rest of the Cadre. "Fucking hell. Couldn't find a Gorgon if it was nesting in their cockpit. But you... they can tear you into confetti, and you just keep crawling back to me, don't you?"

She’s in your space, her face inches from yours. She smells like stale smoke, sweat, and cheap, astringent perfume.

It's... familiar.

"What's the matter?" Her voice is loud, mocking. "They forget to screw your brain back in? Cat got your tongue? Or did they salvage that, too?"

Her hand, calloused and hard, smashes into your shoulder.

It's not a pat. It's a blow.

It connects directly with a fresh suture line, and a universe of white-hot, blinding pain explodes behind your eyes. Your legs, already unsteady, simply dissolve. You're falling, the world tilting—

Yank.

Her other hand fisted the front of your medical gown, hauling you up from hitting the floor until your toes are barely scraping the stained carpet. You hang there, choking, stars bursting in your vision.

"Hah!" She shakes you like a ragdoll. "Still got legs under you! Barely!"

She gives you another small shove backward. You stumble, arms windmilling—your coordination is gone—and you crash hard against the wall, the back of your head smacking the metal. You just stare, gasping, the world swimming in and out of focus.

She circles you, prodding at the new parts like a buyer inspecting damaged goods. A hard poke to your leg. "This is new." A sharp tap against the staples in your scalp. You wince, a tiny, involuntary hiss escaping you.

"Oh, good," she croons, a nasty smile twisting her lips. "At least you can still feel pain."

Handler.

The word is in your head again. She is your handler.

You try to push off the wall, to straighten up, to achieve the posture of attention that is so deeply programmed into you. But your body lists to one side, trembling.

Her manic grin fades as she looks at you. Really looks. That wide, "happy" expression melts away, replaced by a critical, disgusted sneer.

"Right," she spits, her voice dropping into that low, dangerous register you remember like a scar. "Let's see what those egghead butchers actually did to my Ace."

She closes the distance again, slower this time. She grabs your chin, her fingers digging into the flesh of your jaw, and yanks your head up so you're forced to meet her cold, assessing eyes.

"Look at me, mutt."

Her other hand lands on your bare arm. She pinches. Hard.

She mutters, rubbing the flesh between her thumb and forefinger. "Soft. What is this, grown? Fucking infant muscle. Pathetic."

Her hands are everywhere, and they are not gentle. They are not kind. They are probing, pinching, assessing. She spins you around, uncaring of your terrible balance, making you stumble again. You feel her rough fingers press, hard, along the raw, inflamed ridges of your new neural ports. A small, hitched gasp of pain escapes you.

"Shut up," she snaps, though you hadn't spoken. "You get to feel pain. That means it's working."

She feels your shoulders, her thumbs digging into the hollows where dense muscle used to be. She runs a hand down your ribs, her knuckles rapping against your side. "They took too much," she growls. "Where's the bulk? You were solid. I made you solid."

Her hand moves down your other side, over your ribs... and stops.

She prods something.

It clacks. A dull, non-organic sound.

Her face darkens into a mask of pure fury. "What... the fuck... is this?"

Her hand draws back and she slams her open palm against the spot. The impact echoes through your entire body, and the pain is so sharp you see yellow. It's not flesh. It's a dull, unpainted metal plate riveted directly to your ribcage.

"Tch, this is scrap." she spits, right in your ear. You flinch, squeezing your eyes shut.

She hits the plate again, a ringing CLANG that makes you cry out.

It hurts. God, it hurts. The new parts of you are on fire. The old parts ache. The metal plate where she hit you feels like it's vibrating, sending lightning bolts into your lungs.

But you just stand there. You tremble. You sway. You leak tears you can't control.

This is... normal. Isn't it?

The thought is hazy, wrapped in cotton. She is your handler. She is checking her equipment. You are her equipment.

She stops in front of you, seemingly fed up for now with everything she found, and flops back into her desk chair. It groans under her weight. She puts her boots up on the desk, scattering a pile of flimsy reports. She looks at you. Just... stares.

There's an expectation. A command you're missing. The silence stretches, thick and heavy. You stand there, vibrating with the need to do... something. To be correct. But whatever it is, it’s missing.

Her face gets even more irritated.

"The pack, mutt. Are you really this broken?"

Pack. The word clicks. You fumble at the pack of cigarettes on the table. A small, crushed cardboard box. You pick it up, holding it toward her.

She snorts, plucking a single cigarette from it with two fingers. She sticks it between her lips, a clear dismissal of your offered box, and continues to stare at you, the white stick jutting from her mouth.

You wait.

What now?

The expectation is back, heavier this time. She’s not moving. She’s just watching you, her eyes flat and cold.

...Oh.

No. The memory isn't there. What...

CRACK.

The sound is as loud as a gunshot in the small room. Your head snaps to the side, your cheek erupting in a sudden, sharp explosion. She hit you. An open-palmed slap, fast and brutal, leaving your ears ringing.

"Light. It. Dog."

The pain cuts through the fog. It connects the wires. Light. Cigarette. Handler.

"Y-yes, Handler," the word scrapes out of your throat, rusty and unused.

Your trembling hands go back to the desk. The lighter. Where is the—

yes. The cheap, Foundation-issue plastic lighter. Your thumb, the scarred one, fumbles with the spark wheel. Click. Click. Fssst.

A tiny, wavering flame appears.

You step forward, hand shaking violently, holding the flame out. She doesn't lean in. She grabs your wrist, her grip like a steel trap, yanking your hand closer. She steadies the flame, her thumb digging into the sensitive point on your inner wrist, and dips the cigarette's end into the fire.

She inhales, deep. The cherry glows bright orange.

She holds the breath, her eyes locked on yours, and then exhales a thick, gray plume of smoke right into your face. You don’t flinch, but you cough, the acrid smoke stinging your nose.

"Fuck sake," she mutters, taking your chin in her free hand, her grip just as bruising as the one on your wrist. She forces your head up, turning it side to side, studying the red mark already blooming where she struck you.

"It looks like they didn't put everything back right at all," she says, her voice a low, disappointed drawl. She releases you with a shove, and you stumble back.

"This is just... more work for me." She takes another drag, leaning back in her chair. "All that training. All those lessons. Wiped clean by one lucky Harpy."

She sighs, an exaggerated sound of pure annoyance.

"Well," she says, pointing the glowing end of the cigarette at you. "If you’re broken, I guess I'll just have to train you all over again. From the beginning. And I'm going to have to be so much rougher this time, aren't I, Ace?"

You just stand there, your processing the sting on your cheek, the smell of her smoke.

“Y-yes. You will.”

She takes a long, slow drag, her eyes never leaving you, that predatory, proprietary gaze scanning your form. "These last couple days were shit without you," she says, her voice conversational, almost lazy. "The Dog... that new one? Useless. I had it running laps around

the barracks until its goddamn legs gave out, and it just sat there and wept. Fucking wept."

She scoffs, tapping a long ash onto her desk. It misses the overflowing tray and dusts a stack of reports. She doesn't notice. Or, more likely, she doesn't care.

"I had to let off steam somewhere," she continues, a dark, amused glint in her eye. "You dying was a major inconvenience, Ace. All the wings?" she continues, her voice laced with contempt. "They're shit. Can't follow a simple order. Can't take a hit. Can't even fuck right. They're nothing like you."

The words are there, demanding an answer you don't have. You just blink, the words registering as sounds, not meanings. The pain from the slap is already fading, replaced by a dull throb from your new nerves.

"But right now, you're just... blank," she says, the amusement fading, replaced by that familiar, dangerous annoyance. "Empty."

She stubs the cigarette out, crushing the cherry against the metal surface of her desk, leaving a black, scorched smear.

"Get over here."

Your body lurches into motion before your mind can even process the command. You stop just short of her desk, right where her boots were propped up. You stand at attention, or the closest your uncooperative, rebuilt body can manage.

She stands up. She’s taller than you, and she looms, blocking out the light from the terminal behind her.

"All that work," she mutters, more to herself than to you. She reaches out, her hands, calloused and rough, landing on your shoulders. Her grip is hard, fingers digging in.

Her hands move, mapping your new geography again. Fingers trace the thick, raised staples that run from your jawline up into your scalp, where your hair is shaved. They press, hard, on the tender, freshly-sutured integration ports along your spine, making you hiss and jerk.

You just stand there and take it. This is... normal. This is what she does.

Her hands slide from your spine, around your waist, her thumbs digging into the soft flesh just above your hip bones. "You were perfect before, you know," she whispers, her voice dropping into a low, rough growl. Her face is close to yours again, her breath hot on your cheek. "Hard muscle. Fast. Vicious. Everything I built you to be."

Her right hand slides up your ribs again, slow, deliberate. You can feel every callus scrape against the fabric. Her hand closes, not over your shoulder, but over your breast. She squeezes, hard enough to be painful, weighing you, testing you. "They at least gave you these back. Even if this one," she squeezes the other, "feels like a cheap prosthetic."

You don't move. You just breathe. Shallow, mechanical breaths.

"All that effort I put into you," she continues, her voice tight with a sudden, genuine anger. Her thumb rubs a raw circle on your skin, right through the fabric. "All those hours in the sims. All those corrections. Just for you to go and get yourself pulped. You wasted it, dog."

The anger in her voice... that's bad. You failed. You wasted it. The fog in your head swirls, and a single, desperate impulse bubbles up. Fix it. Apologize.

"S-Sorry..." The word tears from your rusty throat, weak and trembling. "Sorry... Handler... I... I broke..."

CRACK.

The back of her hand connects with your cheek again. Your head snaps to the side so violently you feel a pop in your neck. The world explodes in white, shimmering stars. Your lip splits, and you taste the instant, coppery tang of new blood.

"Did I tell you to speak?" she snarls.

She grabs a handful of your hair, yanking your head back up until your neck screams in protest. Tears stream from your stinging eyes, blurring her furious face.

"You don't talk unless I tell you," she spits. "You don't get to be 'sorry' unless I tell you to. You just obey. And right now, you’re not doing that."

She shoves you again. You stumble, your bound legs tangling, your

back hits the edge of her desk. Flimsies, data-slates, and her empty coffee mug go flying. You cry out, a sharp, broken sound as your spine slams against the hard metal edge.

She doesn't let you fall off it. She's on you in an instant, one hand grabbing your throat, the other shoving her forearm across your chest, pinning you down flat on your back amidst the debris of her workspace. Her body weight presses down on you, stealing your breath.

She leans in, her grip on your throat tightening, not enough to choke you, but enough to control you.

"Do you think 'sorry' fixes this? You think 'sorry' pays for the effort?" she hisses. "No. You don't just get to die and come back empty."

You're flat on your back, the world reduced to the sharp, angry lines of her face looming over you. Her grip on your throat is a solid band of pressure. Air comes in short, sharp, inadequate sips. Black spots already dance at the edges of your vision.

"That's right," she whispers. "Just like old times."

You can't answer. You try to twitch, a fragmented, light impulse to escape, but her weight is on you, a solid, immovable mass of authority.

"You remember this, don't you, mutt?" she whispers, her lips brushing the shell of your ear. The sensation sends a jolt of pure static down your side. "You remember how good this feels? How I made you love it?"

Love? The word is another glass marble. There is only the pressure, her smell of smoke and sweat, and the rising panic in your chest as your lungs begin to burn.

"Look at you," she sneers, pulling back just enough to see your face. Your eyes are wide, pupils blown, uselessly trying to make sense of her. "Nothing. Not a single spark of recognition. They really did scramble you, didn't they? Do you even remember how to beg? Do you remember why you should?"

You can only make a wet, pathetic gurgling sound in the back of your throat. A bubble of spittle forms at the corner of your mouth.

Her face twists in a look of profound, angry disgust. "Stupid bitch."

With her free hand, she reaches down. You flinch as she fumbles with the cheap tie on your gown. She doesn't bother untying it. She just yanks. The flimsy fabric rips with a sound like tearing paper. She shoves the ruined cloth and your thin underwear down, down, down, baring your hips and stomach and thighs to the cold office air.

She doesn't waste time looking. She grunts, shifts her weight, and you hear the rasp of her own uniform zipper. A heavy, muscled thigh presses against your own, forcing your legs wider apart. Then her dick, hot and thick, presses against your entrance.

"Those lab rats," she grunts, "better not have fucked up this part of you, too."

She doesn't wait. She just shoves it inside.

A soundless scream is trapped in your choked-off throat. The pain is bright and searing. It’s a tearing, splitting agony that rips through your lower body, a brutal invasion your hazy mind can't contextualize. You’re dry, you’re cold, you’re not ready—and that's the entire point. Your back arches off the desk, a spastic, involuntary jerk, trying to escape the impalement.

"Ngh—!"

Her hand on your throat tightens. Instantly. Brutally. "Uh-uh, dog. No."

She shoves her hips forward again, burying herself inside you to the hilt, the force of it slamming your spine back down onto the desk clutter. Your vision whites out completely for a second.

She's inside you. She's crushing your throat.

She stays still for a second, letting you feel it. Letting you feel the stretch, the pain, the utter violation. Then, slowly, she begins to move.

Her thrusts are not passionate. They are angry. They are punishing. Her thrusts are deep, punishing, piston-like, slamming into you with a force that feels like it's splitting you in two. She keeps her hand locked on your throat, her gaze locked on your face, watching the panic and pain war with the blank confusion.

"God... you're so fucking tight," she grunts, her rhythm brutal and unsteady. "Like you're brand new. Guess I do have to train you all over again."

She pounds into you, her voice a cruel, breathless litany in your ear.

"Every... single... lesson."

Thrust.

"Gonna have to... reteach you... how to walk."

Thrust.

"How to... take it... like a good dog."

Another thrust, deeper, angled to hit something that makes whatever's inside your torso writhe. "Gotta... teach you...," she snarls, her breath coming in hot pants against your face. "How to open up for me... the second I tell you to."

The pressure on your throat is your entire world. A universe of constricting, absolute control. Your lungs are screaming, aching, collapsing. The black spots at the edge of your vision are starting to swarm, to swallow the blurry, angry image of her face. You're dying. Again. You're dying again—

And a tiny, corrupted piece of your fragmented memory sparks.

This is...

It's not just pain. The hypoxia, the dizzying, terrifying lack of control... it feels good.

The recognition is a sliver of ice in your gut. It's a memory so deep and so broken you can't see its shape, only its shadow. You liked this. The before-you... the Ace she keeps talking about... it wanted this. You… want this…?

"Yeah... that's it," she's hissing, her voice vibrating right into your skull. She must see the flicker of something in your eyes—the terror, the recognition, the pleasure. It makes her meaner. "You like this. You remember who taught you to like it. Who taught you that air is a privilege, not a right."

Her hips are still moving, a slow, grinding, owning motion. But your body is rigid, every new nerve-ending screaming from two different, opposing sensations.

"You don't get to breathe unless I give you permission," she snarls. "You don't get to think unless I tell you what. Do you understand

that?!."

Your vision is tunneling. The office is gone. There is only her hand, her face, and the searing, tearing pain between your legs.

Then, suddenly, her hand is gone from your throat.

The release is as violent as the grip. You gasp, a huge, ragged, tearing sound. Air floods your lungs, so cold and sharp it feels like swallowing glass. You cough, choking on your own saliva, your body convulsing on the desk.

"No," she growls, her voice raw. "You don't get to pass out. You're staying awake for this."

She lets you take two, maybe three, shuddering, agonizing breaths. Then her hands are on your hips, grabbing you. Her calloused thumbs dig into the soft flesh above your pelvic bones, her fingers wrapping around, gripping whatever they get a hold of.

"Now for the real lesson," she snarls.

Her hips, free from the deliberate, slow pace, slam into you.

It hurts.

The impact is bone-jarring. Your entire body is thrown up, your head cracking back against the hard metal surface of the desk. She pulls back, just enough, and slams into you again.

This isn't sex. This is a beating. This is a re-calibration. She's fucking you into the desk, each thrust a brutal, punishing impact designed to rattle you apart at your new seams.

"How's... that... feel, Ace?" she grunts, her voice thick, her pace quickening. "Huh?!"

SLAM.

"You’re not gonna die on me again, are you mutt?!"

SLAM.

"ARE YOU?!"

SLAM. SLAM. SLAM.

She's relentless, a machine of pure, focused anger. You can only lie there, pinned, a sobbing, gurgling sound escaping your raw throat with every impact. The pain is everywhere. Your spine, your throat, your head, and the searing, splitting fire between your legs. But you don't fight. You just take it. You are hers. You are a dog. This is punishment. This is... what you are for.

Her pace becomes frantic, a furious, desperate pounding. She's not talking anymore, just grunting, her face twisted in a mask of pure, selfish exertion. You're just the object she's using to get there. She shoves into you one last time, a deep, shuddering lunge that feels like it’s trying to split you in two. Her back arches, a low, guttural groan tearing from her chest.

You feel it. A hot, thick, copious flood, pumped deep inside you. It’s a final, scalding stamp of ownership.

She stays there for a second, her body heavy on yours, breathing hard, her sweat dripping onto your face. Then, with a grunt of disgust, she rips herself out of you. The sound is wet and violent. The cold air hits your raw, abused skin instantly.

Before you can even process the emptiness, she shoves you. Hard.

"Get. Up."

You're a tangle of limbs. You slide off the edge of the desk, landing in a wet, shaking heap on the floor. You're leaking. You're bruised. Your vision is still swimming. You look up, and she's already zipping her uniform, her face flushed but her eyes cold as ice. She looks... better. Relieved.

"Fuck," she scoffs, though the raw anger has bled out of her voice, leaving only the familiar, flat contempt.

A jingle of metal. Something lands on the floor by your head, skittering on the cheap tile. A set of keys on a thin ring.

"The keys to your room." she says, her voice all business. She's already walking back to her chair, her boots clicking on the floor. She sits down, tapping at her terminal, the screen reflecting in her dark eyes. "Get your shit. Get dressed. You're a fucking mess."

She doesn't look at you. She just issues the next command.

"Training sim in ten minutes. And you will be on time." She glances at

you, a final, cold warning. "You show up late, and I'll have you in correctional programming before you can even remember your new room number. Now go."

Ten minutes. Training.

"Yes, Handler."

End Notes

I DONT KNOWWWW

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!